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Of Vacua, II

LAST week we dealt in these columns with what has come to be called the "Truman Doctrine" on a broad historical basis and with a view to the acceptable aims it might further. Like any other general enunciation of policy, it could just as readily be made to justify unacceptable aims. Thus it could serve merely as an excuse for us to seek to continue the worst aspects of British imperialism and pursue in other corners of the globe the shamefully selfish policy, placing a higher value on oil than on human lives, which has been pursued by the Near Eastern section of our State Department.

As long as our policy followed the old line of merely protecting our interests abroad as distinguished from promoting abroad the ideas we cherish and building for ourselves genuine friendships among the nations, some justification could be found for so ugly a thing as our Near Eastern policy, which, in a word, has amounted to getting as much Arabian oil as we can for our uses and, to this purpose, publicly promising the moon to the Jews while quietly reassuring the Arabs that all these promises were sham and window-dressing. But now that events have forced the Truman Doctrine upon us, so crass a specific policy as this is precisely the sort of thing we shall have to reconsider. Indeed the whole question of whether or not we favor the Truman Doctrine as a doctrine, being largely academic anyhow, really boils down to our attitude regarding the way in which that doctrine is to be implemented. Do we propose, for instance, to have a military mission in Turkey as well as in Greece? In Greece it is entirely logical; in Turkey it would be foolish beyond measure, since it would be supplying the present Russian government not only with a legitimate ground for complaint but with a magnificent internal propaganda weapon. An American military mission in Turkey would be the equivalent of a pistol pointed at Russia's heart—her oilfields in and about the Caucasus. Reverse the position and the picture becomes clearer. Suppose that Russia had a stock of atomic bombs and proceeded to send a military mission to Mexico. How would we feel about it?

It is probable that the traditional American machinery for handling foreign affairs is not geared to implement anything like the Truman Doctrine wisely. The State Department has always had to act so much in a vacuum that it dared not be bold, and felt bound to place its primary emphasis on the vaguely humanitarian and the crassly commercial. Commitments, above all, were what it had to avoid, since commitments always imply the possibility of having to back them up, and under our system the State Department could never be sure that it would receive backing when a showdown might become necessary.

The sort of foreign policy on which we are now embarking requires a far closer working arrangement between the Senate and the Foreign Service than anything we have ever had in the past. Washington has betrayed a certain almost instinctive awareness of this, chiefly manifested in Senator Vandenberg's proposal that any Senator having questions to ask the State Department channel them through him and that the replies given be then made public so that the United States can proceed in full knowledge of the "facts." This, of course, is all very well as an expedient to bridge the gap between legislative and executive at this particular juncture, just as the Connally-Vandenberg-Hull (later Byrnes) system of working in close personal collaboration served as a bridge in earlier months. But what we really need is a permanent bridge constructed in such fashion that there can be no question of its constitutionality or of its permanence. It must become a regular part of our governmental life for the Secretary of State and his principal assistants to be in constant *public* touch with the Senate. When the matter in question requires secrecy, it should not be the secrecy of any smoke-filled room or any early-Hamburg-American - late - North-

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German-Lloyd nook in the State Department, but rather the secrecy of an executive session of the Senate. If we have anything to learn from the British system, it is this: only by means of its device of the question in the House can a government based upon popular institutions attain enough unity and self-awareness to pursue a positive foreign policy.

The Communist Man-Hunt

THE President's order for tracking down Communists, Fascists and other subversive persons in the Executive Department of the Government has its puzzling aspects. It is one thing to hold that Communists—at whom the order is directed—should not hold responsible government positions at a time when the Russia which they represent is opposing the United States at every turn. It is another simply to decree them out of office, or to rule that no Communists need apply for government positions. The political investigation of two million people is an appalling task. To make a major announcement of such a procedure may have been intended primarily to exert further pressure against Moscow or in order to secure the necessary Congressional appropriation. Yet it would seem that, with the committees already operating and the FBI, the objective could have been more surely accomplished with less fanfare. It might have been more effective to deal with Communists individually than have a universally proscribed group, for now their secrecy will be greatly intensified. Obviously the President deserves whole-hearted national support in his effort to reach a highly patriotic objective.

The same can hardly be said for the spate of projected and already crystallized anti-Communist legislation. Not that the end of many of the proposals is objectionable. It is the resort to *any* means which is wide open to question.

Witness a few of the current hysterical proposals voiced by the American Legion in the halls of Congress. They include such draconian legislation as this: outlawing the Communist Party; banning Communist publications from the mails; deportation of all those disloyal to this country; the enactment of laws requiring fingerprinting and identification for all residents in the United States.

Such proposals are vulnerable on the grounds that they embody greater evils than they seek to destroy. The most rabid estimate puts the number of Communists in this country at 100,000, and even with proper weight given to the members of the Party still in key positions in certain strategic American labor unions, adequate FBI precautions would be able to keep effective sabotage within the bounds achieved against Axis agents during the war just past. As William Green of the AFL so well pointed out in his recent testimony in Washington, the outlawing of Communists will simply drive them underground. Louis Budenz in his current book indicates that there are a lot of mysterious characters with false papers and assumed names floating around in American Communist circles anyway, but a great many American party members are publicly known as such under their present liberty of operation. There is something to be said for knowing Communist candidates, Communist editors and Communist party officials by name.

The crux of the matter, however, is the suppression of traditional American liberties which would be involved in such a program. It is perhaps easy to dub concern for the civil liberties of Communists as an indication of fuzzy liberalism or that shallow broadmindedness for which Americans are noted. It is nothing of the sort. A fundamental question is at stake. When a test comes, when a political democracy finds itself actively opposed by a system which recognizes none of its concern for human freedom and civil liberties, that democracy itself cannot resort to totalitarian methods. Otherwise its adherence to democratic principles means very little. If freedom of speech and the consequent right to indulge in organized political opposition are abandoned at the approach of danger, the threatened political democracy will be irreparably weakened from within. If our boasted democratic freedoms mean anything, they must continue in force specifically when non-democrats take advantage of them to work for their ultimate suppression.

For these reasons the anti-Communist legislation just described is deplorable. But what is beyond understanding is that in the name of democracy it should be seriously proposed that all Americans be fingerprinted and required to carry identity cards. Have the American Legion witnesses appearing in Washington never heard of the police State?

Julian Huxley and UNESCO

A BELIEVING Christian cannot fail to regret the appointment of Mr. Julian Huxley as Director General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. He has made it amply clear that he believes any notion of God unnecessary since Darwin and any revealed morality superseded since Freud—an attitude which it is his privilege to entertain in a free society but which makes him a peculiar choice for leadership in an organization the grand purpose of which is to foster and cultivate the intellectual improvement of mankind. When the newspapers reported that Mr. Huxley's aim would be to supply the entire terrestrial globe with a single, unified culture, those who had wondered a bit at his appointment felt themselves justified in their wonderment; this was what you might expect from one of the few remaining apostles of nineteenth century scientism. Yet, to give the devil his due, Mr. Huxley's views in detail are far less

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crass than the newspapers have given him credit for. After all, he is likewise a highly cultivated man and a man of considerable discrimination. The Public Affairs Press has recently published a booklet by Mr. Huxley stating what he regards as the purpose of philosophy of UNESCO. His mechanical ideal of a One World Culture unhappily does inform his conclusions: the "task is to help the emergence of a single world culture, with its own philosophy and background of ideas, and with its own broad purpose." What he means is that an attempt must be made "to reconcile the claims of two concrete sets of realities—individual human beings, and human social organizations." This, of course, sounds lovely, but does it have much meaning? The late Irving Babbitt was a man who devoted his life to ridding himself of enthusiasms (*en theos,* cf. *theo*logy); yet he quite consciously allowed himself one enthusiasm, an enthusiastic dislike for all enthusiasts. One suspects that Mr. Huxley also views enthusiasm as the great enemy, although he calls it "dogma." It is to be feared that in his attempt to rid humanity of the enthusiasms which make cultural differences real he might consider the sad fate of Mr. Babbitt's far more persuasive humanism in the world of our day.

Germans in France

THE FRENCH kept giving medals to the father of ten children, to the father of fourteen children; they kept looking for biblical fathers, but they kept giving medals to soldiers in one war after another, and what was the use; they decorated the fathers, they decorated the graves of the children—and that of the unidentifiable child beneath the Arch of Triumph—and what was the use of anything because there were always so many Germans. Until finally there were there were so many more Germans than Frenchmen that any Franco-German war became a farce; the only war that could be fought against the Germans had to be fought by the British, the Russians, the Americans, the Poles, the Canadians, the Greeks and everybody else you remember and the Brazilians.

When you are the Swiss and you look at all the Germans you know there is nothing to be done about it—there never has been—and you live in your little country trusting in the fact that it has stayed put a long time. But when you are the French you remember when there were a lot of Frenchmen, and when you look at all the Germans it seems unfair. When you win a war there are more and more Germans, with or without a republic—with, and then without, a republic—than Frenchmen; when you lose a war there are more and more (denazified) Germans than there are Frenchmen. It seems unfair. And when the Czechs and the Russians put more and more Germans back into Germany it seems outrageous and unfair.

After such a very good war as the last one there are still all these Germans. There is the German land with everything crowded; there is the French village with one goat eating the grass that grows between the cobbles in the deserted street.

The French have found out that when there is a war with Germany the Germans are still there when the war is finished; the French have lost all faith in the possibility of having a war that will end with a lot of Frenchmen all over the place and very few Germans. The French have decided that the presence of so many Germans in the world is like there being so many mountains, so much sea.

Mr. Bidault, now in Moscow, has produced from this premise perhaps the only original thought that has come out of the war. He has stated that France is willing to accept—which means that France is most anxious to secure—one million German immigrants. Mohammed comes to the mountain.

That is the right way—the only way. You have to mix it all up as in America. The Italians are coming back into Southern France; the Germans are coming in to work; and when these people are farming or in the factories, after a while, they speak the language; they get married after they speak the language or before; their children go to school; nothing happens to France except that France can continue to live.

That is what happened in America; the Germans, the Italians, the Russians came to America, and nothing happened to America except that some of the spaces were filled and therefore it became possible to have trains running across the country with people in one part of the country being able to sell what they produced to people in another part of the country, without customs guards in uniforms stopping the train every fifty miles.

You have to forget about the names of countries; like M. Bidault you have to look at whatever empty spaces there are in the world and allow men to come to live in them. You have to look at America again and then you see that it is not all filled and complete. You have to forget the word enemy, the word exile—especially the word refugee. The only word to remember is the word man, qualified by the only adjective, free.

Man can no longer be free within the institutions of any given state if he is imprisoned within the frontiers of that state. He cannot be free unless he can move freely to any land anywhere on which he desires to build a house and live. That is a truth a Frenchman has rediscovered—tentatively, reluctantly perhaps, in order to save his own country—but it is a truth the whole world must come to live by.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Austrian Apologia

Kurt von Schuschnigg

For many years certain actions of Dr. von Schuschnigg's government in Austria, notably the use of artillery against the workers' apartments in February, 1934, have been held up as an example of the hollowness of the claims of Christian democratic parties. Especially since Dr. von Schuschnigg has been in this country has this issue been revived. The matter is not treated in his recent autobiographical volume. Hence we believed that a genuine service would be rendered to American public opinion were we to ask Dr. von Schuschnigg publicly to explain the reasons which prompted his government to act as it did. The following article is the result.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is one question I should like to answer before going any further, a question which has recently been asked with increasing frequency and urgency. Why is a politician who has been patently unsuccessful and whose rôle in politics is obviously finished, why is such a man not required to hold his peace?

It is to nobody's advantage—least of all to one's own country's—if historical and proven truth remains untold. He who survived the years 1938 to 1941 as the nazi's foremost German-speaking public enemy (after 1942 the German propaganda ministry was happily too busy with other problems) is well used to insults and can take them in his stride. But this politician will also be very careful not to dodge the issue and to assume such actual or formal responsibility as is properly his—all the more so since he is almost the only survivor of his Government. Any other attitude would be unjust.

I shall furthermore admit my mistakes, and not defend actions which are indefensible. It is my proper right to admonish both sides—Right and Left—to point out their errors of the past openly, as they themselves have already done within their own circles (e.g., in the discussions of the Austrian socialist emigration shortly before and during the war and in the more recent declarations of the leaders of the People's Party in Austria).

Is it correct to say that Austria's internal policy before 1938 paved the way for Anschluss, or that it facilitated—directly or indirectly—Hitler's aggression? Or, to put it another way, in what way did the events of February, 1934, affect the Anschluss? What led up to this 1934 crisis and what were its consequences?

One thing needs to be said. From January 30, 1933, until March 11, 1938, Austria was the only state in Europe openly in conflict with Hitler. The outward marks of this were a complete economic boycott, armed intervention (July, 1934), countless dynamitings and equally countless assassinations. Austria was overrun by Hitler only when it became clear that she could not expect any help from abroad, in spite of her international friendships (on paper) and in spite of the League of Nations, which guaranteed her independence; and she was overrun only when Hitler felt sufficiently well armed to risk his first "Blitz."

Exactly half a year later—in September, 1938—Czechoslovakia found herself in the same position, and one year after that Poland's turn had come. There was only one difference: Hitler's open hostility and pressure against Prague lasted but four months, whereas Vienna withstood this pressure for five years and two months.

The young Austrian Republic celebrated its christening party in 1919—under the dark clouds of a lost war. The League of Nations was its godmother, an international loan was the christening present, which preserved the country from starvation and later from a collapse of its currency. In return the infant to be baptized renounced Anschluss in all its forms—at least until 1942. Later on Austria voluntarily extended this time limit.

A large part of the conservative population did not object to this promise. They welcomed the sovereignty and freedom of Austria as one of the few things that still remained to their country. Against them stood—at least in the beginning—a clear majority of the pan-German "national" parties, a small fraction of the Catholic "Christian Socialists" and the entire socialist party.

Austria had a strictly democratic parliamentarian constitution with proportional representation, an independent court for constitutional matters (which, by the way, existed until 1938) and an independent juridical system. Judges had no party affiliations and were appointed for life.

There were four parties: the Christian Socialists (Catholics) and the Social Democrats

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(socialists), two parties of about equal strength; the "Gross-Deutsche" (Pan-Germans) and the "Landbund" (Liberals), two smaller parties decidedly pro-German and therefore pro-Anschluss. No one of these parties had an absolute majority. The original coalition between Catholics and socialists broke apart after the first few years, leaving unbridgeable differences between the two largest parties. One of the reasons for this irreparable break lay in the bitter fight regarding an international loan in 1922. Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, then Chancellor, had obtained this indispensable loan in Geneva in order to safeguard the existence and independence of Austria which already was threatened by Germany. The socialist party fought bitterly against the "traitor" Seipel, who had delivered Austria into the hands of international capital and had thereby made a union with Germany impossible. From this moment on the political atmosphere in Austria became increasingly heated and discussions became less and less objective. Seipel, an exemplary priest and ascetic, was attacked where he was most vulnerable: the socialist party organized a large and effective campaign by which party members were urged to leave the Church and renounce their faith (over 90 percent of the Austrian population were Catholics). At the same time it launched a pro-Anschluss campaign. In return the "anti-marxist coalition" was formed and the questions of marxism and anti-marxism became the almost exclusive features of Austrian political life.

The immediate result was a strengthening, on both sides, of the extremist factions, while the moderating influence of the less radical groups was pushed aside. This was all the more regrettable as the right wing of the Leftists and the left wing of the Rightists would, presumably, have had little difficulty in overcoming their differences. Particularly serious was the radicalization of the younger generation—again in both camps—which coincided with widespread economic difficulties and the first appearance of the new National Socialist Party. To make matters worse there remained in Austria a considerable quantity of arms which had escaped Allied control. These arms were in general circulation and favored the growth of paramilitary organizations, in reality well-equipped private bands or armies within the state. Perhaps the greatest mistake the Austrian government made was its failure to prohibit these armies from the very beginning. Of course such a measure would have had to be taken during the early twenties, as subsequent governments up until 1934 never had the power to enforce such a decisive step. It was only in 1936 that all such private armies and paramilitary organizations were dissolved and declared illegal.

In 1924 Monsignor Seipel was shot in the lung by a young socialist radical. He never recovered completely from this wound and died in 1932. Had he lived the normal span of his life many things might have been different.

In 1927 the radicalized masses set fire to the building of the Supreme Court in Vienna in protest against a verdict handed down by an absolutely independent jury. The police was called out to disperse the demonstrators and had to use firearms after a number of policemen had been shot. There were many casualties on both sides.

The leadership of the socialist party identified itself with these demonstrators, among whom a number of foreign agents were apprehended. An acute internal crisis was avoided, not without great difficulties, but the radicalism on both sides had reached a climax. It was then, after July, 1927, that the first signs of anti-parliamentarian feeling became apparent. These tendencies crystallized in their Right-radical form around the "Heimwehr," a private army, which had its counterpart in the "Schutzbund," the party army of the socialists, who in their Left-radical wing betrayed no less anti-democratic leanings. The word *fascism*, always very unpopular in Austria because of fascist oppression of the people in those Austrian regions ceded to Italy in 1919, was not used by the "Heimwehr," but an intensive anti-parliamentarian campaign was started on both sides. Every now and then, in proclamations and resolutions presented by the various factions, a dictatorship was mentioned as the ultimate goal.

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The scene was soon set for Austria's calvary. Depression and misery reached new heights in 1931 and masses of the unemployed were eagerly filling the ranks of the private armies—both on the Right and on the Left. And in 1932 Hitler was already standing outside the door.

Austria watched the events in Germany with excitement. After five successive election campaigns, Germany was in the throes of a latent civil war. With concern Austria took notice of the nazi-communist alliance "for electoral purposes." With alarm it witnessed the mushroom growth of the Nazi Party in Germany. The appeal of this party within Austria became increasingly strong, and party headquarters in Munich treated Austria even then as one of the *gaus* of greater Germany. And the Austrian nazis were both politically and financially under German command.

At this juncture both the socialists and the nazis demanded the immediate dissolution of parliament and new elections. Perhaps it would have been right to accede to this demand from a purely theoretical democratic point of view. But

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we were fully persuaded that it would be a mistake. First of all, we did not want an election campaign managed from Berlin, secondly we did not want nazi representatives in parliament, and finally we could ill afford to run the risk of a heated, and perhaps bloody, election. The national socialist maneuver was obvious enough: to use democratic institutions to destroy democracy. We were determined not to deliver our country over to the nazis, and hence we sought new ways. On January 30, 1933, Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany and the die was cast.

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Immediately after Hitler's rise to power war to the hilt was begun against Austria. The first measure was an airtight closing of the German border, which necessitated an immediate conversion and reorganization of 70 percent of Austrian trade and business, and that in the midst of our worst depression years. Soon afterward violence began to be employed: dynamitings, terroristic acts, assassinations and kidnapings. Finally an "Austrian Legion" was organized in Germany, consisting mostly of Austrian nazis who had gone to Germany. This legion was strategically posted along the Austrian border waiting only for Hitler's command to invade the country. For us it was a desperate battle and a desperate position.

We sought and found economic and political help in the only other large country bordering on Austria: Italy. As trustee for the European powers, Mussolini accepted the rôle of guarantor of Austria's independence. Not for love of the "Austrian Legion" was organized in Germany, he was then (1933-36) still afraid to have Germany border directly on Italy at the vital Brenner Pass. And in politics it is always the immediate advantage or interest which is dominant—provided that the men in charge are not blinded by subjective considerations.

Internally we were forced to adopt extraordinary measures, as does every country in time of war. We increased our police force, proclaimed martial law in order to check the crime wave of the Nazi Party; we appealed to the world and openly accused Hitler. Finally we outlawed the Nazi Party and all its subsidiary organizations and declared them criminal. The swastika was forbidden in Austria, but this could not be enforced on German-owned buildings since Hitler immediately declared the swastika to be the official national flag of Germany.

Throughout 1933 the fight in Austria was directed exclusively against the nazis. It was the foremost concern of the Government to create a united front as large and as powerful as possible. Discussions with the leaders of the socialist party remained, however, fruitless. Dr. Otto Bauer, the leader of the radical Left-wing socialists, presented demands to the Government which were, in view of the national emergency, unacceptable. Furthermore, Dr. Bauer was not willing to cooperate with a government which had assumed emergency and wartime powers. For a coalition with the socialists—which at that moment would have been the obvious solution—it was too late, partly because of our external position and partly because of the intransigent radicalism which had developed *on both sides*. Monsignor Seipel had made an offer at the last possible moment (1931-32) but the socialists had refused.

The most difficult problem for the Government was to check the paramilitary formations. The Government chose the one possible solution. All private armies which were ready to support the Government in its fight to preserve Austrian independence were called into service as emergency police, and were used as border defense troops under regular military leadership. All those who were not willing to support the Government and would thus weaken the national resistance were required to disband and give up their arms. The result of this decision was a split in the Heimwehr. The radical Rightist wing—the Styrian Heimwehr—quite openly favored the nazis and had been declared illegal together with the nazi organizations. Their leaders were placed under arrest. That was long before any of the socialist organizations were suppressed.

The remainder of the Heimwehr was called into active service together with other pro-Government organizations. These troops were badly needed since the peace treaty of 1919 had limited our regular army to a number insufficient for the defense of our borders. Until 1936 these auxiliary troops did splendid and courageous service and many of them paid with their lives for their participation—after Hitler occupied Austria. It is but fair to give them their due in the light of historical truth, although the Government differed sharply with the political goals and methods advocated by the Heimwehr. What counted then was their readiness to support the Government and to put their own program aside for the time being. When the foreign and internal situation changed in 1936, the Heimwehr was disbanded together with all other still-existing paramilitary organizations.

The first months of 1934 brought an increase in nazi activity, open threats of immediate attack and a number of border incidents. The police received orders to redouble their efforts to trace all hidden arms, especially handgrenades and other explosive weapons. Discussions with leading socialists had never been completely disrupted. I myself had repeated conferences with Dr. Robert Danneberg, a highly respected and moderate socialist. On February 11, 1934, the police in Linz

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—without any special orders from the Government—began to investigate an outside tip indicating the presence of illegal arms in the "Arbeiterheim," a socialist worker's club. Although many such tips had been received and many arms and ammunition dumps had been discovered by the police, this was the first instance where they met with armed resistance. The occupants of the "Arbeiterheim" opened fire. The police returned the fire. The first casualty was a policeman.

Thus started the tragic February revolt. It is important to state that it was not the socialist party but its paramilitary private army which gave the signal for open revolt in Vienna. Police stations were stormed and simultaneously a general strike was called.

Across the border the "Austrian Legion" stood poised, awaiting the invasion order. We knew that and we also knew Hitler's obvious calculation. If the Government capitulates, a Leftist dictatorship will be proclaimed in Vienna (Democracy or democratic forms were *not* the issue in 1934), Italy's support of Austria will drop out and Germany can "restore order" in Austria. If however the Government remains in control, Austria can be brought to terms by use of the strike movement.

It was easy to see through this scheme and the majority of Austrian workers saw through it. For they did not go on strike and thus averted the immediate catastrophe. It is historically incorrect to speak of a revolt of the workers or of the Government's struggle with the workers. The great mass of the workers remained quietly in their factories. Nor did the socialist party leadership favor or order the revolt. Not even the radical leader, Dr. Bauer. Subsequent investigations proved suspicions to the contrary to have been erroneous. It is true that the socialist party afterwards backed up its military organization, the "Schutzbund," which had acted on its own initiative. And that is quite understandable—as things stood then.

What was the reaction of the Government in this extremity, which it had certainly not purposely brought about? Capitulation was out of the question in the interest of preserving the state. Therefore there was but one answer: fight. Suppress the revolt as quickly as possible. No government in the whole world would have acted differently in this situation, caught, as it were, between Hitler and Mussolini!

The chief of Government therefore decreed the extension of martial law to cover the situation of an armed uprising (which, however, according to Austrian law which knows no retroactivity, did not go into effect until twenty-four hours after its proclamation). The chief of Government was immediately to address a radio message to the Austrian people in which he pointed out the gravity of the situation and demanded the immediate surrender of all arms within a certain time limit. All those who complied with this order would not be prosecuted in any way. If this appeal were not heeded, the people would have to face the inevitable consequences.

I personally repeated this appeal over the Austrian network in the name of the Government. Unfortunately, it was only partially successful in Vienna. In the rest of Austria it met with better compliance and the promise of amnesty was strictly observed. In support of the police forces, which were hard-pressed in the outer districts of Vienna, the regular army and the auxiliary police forces (Heimwehr, etc.) were thrown into action. After considerable losses on the side of the Government, we succeeded fairly quickly in stopping the fighting in the streets and open areas. The well organized fighters on the opposite side entrenched themselves with machine guns in the large apartment blocks—isolated units which were strategically placed at all important bridges and main thoroughfares leading into Vienna. The insurgents were thus in a position to cut off all supplies from the city. In view of this and in view of the threatening foreign situation, the immediate suppression of the uprising became an absolute necessity. We had to expect at any moment a nazi uprising within Austria which Munich headquarters for months had been preparing. The insurgents were given an ultimatum to cease resistance and were told that artillery would be used against their strongholds unless they complied.

They did not comply and the artillery was brought into play. The ammunition used, however, was not of the regular kind, but of a relatively harmless variety which had its effect through impact only and did not explode afterward. It was a desperate step and world opinion has judged it harshly. But he who seeks to judge justly will not overlook the fact that abnormal times cannot be judged by normal standards and that the year 1934 was an abnormal year, especially in Central Europe.

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Actually, the resistance, which had been hopeless from the start, ceased after a few shots had been fired. The use of artillery, which had been suggested by the military primarily for its psychological effect, ended a bloody civil war whose continuation for another few days might have meant the end of Austria as an independent state. The most regrettable damage to the buildings was after all less terrible than additional loss of life on either side. Altogether both sides lost about 180 dead each.

What about the tribunals? What about the victims of the courts of justice? There were such

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victims and the memory of those who fought valiantly and in good faith will not be forgotten. But it must also be said that in all, only five men were executed in connection with the February uprising. Men can be of different opinions on the moral rightness or wrongness of the prevention-theory in criminal law. But it is still operative in almost all the world's juridical systems. The death sentences for political crimes in Czarist and in Soviet Russia as well as in other European states bear ample witness to this.

These political executions show very clearly how the political temperature has risen since 1900. During the last years of the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign there were practically no executions. From 1919 to 1938 there were 20 executions in Austria (mostly of nazi terrorists) whereas from 1938 to 1944 there were more than 17,000 executions in Austria alone!

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We had in Austria right up to the end a completely independent and unpolitical juridical system. No government agency ever influenced a court of justice in Austria. No government agency ever pronounced or asked for a death sentence in Austria. The vast majority of death sentences were commuted by the Government, and every appeal which had the recommendation of the attorney general or the court was granted. The fact that there were executions cannot be denied. But it can be denied that these executions were a form of political revenge. All states have acted as we did in times of strife and civil war with one single exception—the United States of America after its Civil War. But the United States had the great fortune of having an Abraham Lincoln at the moment of her greatest need.

With the events of February, 1934, Austria's fate had been sealed. The Government dissolved all political parties and organizations as a direct consequence of the February uprising and tried to consolidate all forces for the defense against Hitler. The trade unions remained free organizations, but their leadership was government-appointed. This was planned as a temporary measure. The freely elected head of the Christian Socialist (Catholic) union was appointed president of all unions in Austria. After 1938 he died, one of Hitler's victims in the concentration camp in Dachau.

In July, 1934, Hitler began his first military attack. Dollfuss was assassinated and civil war broke out for the second time within a few months. The invasion of the "Austrian Legion" was repulsed, Italy's mobilization of a few divisions on the Brenner having sufficiently intimidated Hitler. Once more the worst had been averted—or rather postponed.

Austria continued her hard way, sometimes in the open, sometimes in secret, fighting Hitler's Germany. A considerable part of the socialists who had remained in Austria after 1934, even some who had fought against the Government in February, joined government-supporting organizations. One of them, the "Sturmscharen" had about 40 percent, another, "Freiheitsbund," as much as 70 percent of former "reds" in their ranks. The radical Left-wing, the "revolutionary socialists," who were directed and led by those who left Austria after 1934, remained in bitter opposition to the Government, and declared even after the Anschluss that it (the Anschluss) "was historically the right and proper solution." And here was the reason for our unbridgeable difference with the socialists: To preserve Austria it was not enough to be against Hitler. One had to be against the Anschluss. The Government felt that way. The socialists did not.

It is therefore not enough to pronounce sentence on our Austria. To do so in justice one would have to state what other solutions, what better ones could have been found.

Yet all this is important only from one point of view. We must try to learn from history. For the sacrifices of the fathers are in vain if the sons do not succeed in avoiding a repetition of their fathers' mistakes.

Lilienthal and Unity

CHRISTOPHER EMMET

ALTHOUGH temporarily obscured by the sensational implications of President Truman's message on Greece and Turkey, the issues involved in David Lilienthal's appointment remain of crucial importance in the development of American foreign and domestic policy. If we cannot achieve a large measure of unity on Mr. Lilienthal, it is doubtful that we can achieve it on President Truman's proposals. It is, therefore, not only a question of how the vote goes (and that may be settled before this article reaches the reader) but of how large the majority is and how the losing side takes its defeat.

I believe for reasons which should be clear from the record that Lilienthal is qualified for his appointment to administer atomic energy—a view which is shared by four Republican members of the Atomic Energy Committee, by all the most conservative authorities on atomic energy, General Groves, Bernard Baruch, President Conant of Harvard and President Compton of MIT, as well as by such convinced anti-communists as the chairman of the Catholic Committee of the South, former Congressman Joe Starnes of the Dies Committee, and even John Rankin himself. It would be no news to have Rankin accuse almost anyone of being a communist, but when he admits that a man with the liberal record of Lilienthal

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is *not* a communist, it is news indeed.

But apart from the merits of the case, we must remember that in a democracy what public opinion *believes* is all-important. There is every indication that the whole intellectual world—educators, clergymen, writers, newspaper men, broadcasters, and especially scientists, are overwhelmingly in favor of Lilienthal personally and of the international approach to atomic control, with which his name is linked. Perhaps in the present state of the world this attitude is utopian, but it exists whether you like it or not—and the most ardent conservative cannot expect to re-educate intellectuals overnight, nor can he ignore them, for they are probably the most influential single factor in forming public opinion in a democracy, at least on the rare occasions when they are in virtually unanimous agreement.

That is why it is wrong to argue that regardless of the merits, Mr. Lilienthal should be rejected because the controversy about him has shattered confidence. The controversy is unfortunate, but confidence would be more severely shaken if it were believed by the majority who apparently support Lilienthal that an able public servant had been subjected to an unfair but successful "smear."

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There is a lesson in this line-up of forces over the Lilienthal appointment which applies to the whole great debate as to how we should deal with the Russian problem. Those who approve of President Truman's plan for Greece and Turkey, and who back a firmer policy against Soviet aggression, must search above all for formulae which will unite the largest possible percentage of the American people. In fact the percentage must be so large that it will stand the strain of the coming election by securing the general support of both parties and both candidates.

This means that in opposing Russian aggression it should be axiomatic that we must chart a course which appeals to international idealists as well as to more conservative "realists." We must choose between positive and negative anti-Communism; between armament and aid to Greece on the one hand, and rigid economy on the other; between anti-Stalinism and anti-Semitism; between Vandenberg and Bricker. In every case it is the first choice in that list which represents the middle-of-the-road, majority position.

If we tend to bracket new dealers with communists in domestic policy, as Mr. Lilienthal's opponents tend to do, then we will do it in foreign policy. That means isolationism, rejection of the Truman Plan, refusal to aid the British because they are socialists, division between ourselves and Britain and the "neutralization" of Britain like France, which is the hope of the Kremlin.

The Baruch Plan is the best and only compromise formula so far devised to unite liberal and conservative opponents of communist aggression at home and abroad, at least on this one key issue. It is so drawn that we do not have to share the bomb control unless the safeguards are as foolproof as human ingenuity can make them. Under this plan the burden of proof and the burden of refusal to internationalize the bomb rest on Russia, not on us. That is why Mr. Gromyko's speech, disappointing as it may be from the international point of view, was at least a diplomatic victory for America.

The value of this is indicated by the fact that the main argument of Wallace and the British rebels is to blame the US instead of Russia for failure to achieve agreement on the bomb, as illustrated by Wallace's misrepresentation of the Baruch Plan. The recent message to Bevin from American liberals checkmated Wallace by exposing this misrepresentation. But if we now repudiate the Baruch Plan *ourselves,* or appear indirectly to be about to do so, we play into the hands of these enemies, and since most of Mr. Lilienthal's critics have been direct or indirect opponents of the Baruch plan, Lilienthal's defeat would be bound to be so interpreted abroad.

There is risk in any course we adopt in the atomic age. But the Baruch Plan, while it is rejected by Russia, presents us with an unanswerable excuse for refusing to "share" the bomb. If eventually accepted, it permits us to insist on such a degree of inspection that the risks to the Russian dictatorship and the police state are greater than the risk that the plan might be evaded. For under the Baruch Plan inspection in Russia, as well as in this country, would begin *before* we destroy our bombs; so if we insist on an honest, thorough and logical interpretation of the plan, it will be impossible for the Russians to accept it until they are ready at least to modify the police state, which would also mean abandoning their plans for aggression.

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We all know that Soviet Russia covers about one-sixth of the land area of the earth. Great areas within it are forced labor camps, cut off from the rest of Russia and the world, where an estimated twelve to twenty millions of Russia's labor force are at work. And this whole vast land is shrouded by total government ownership of press, radio and all means of communication, with special police controls over the secret areas mentioned above. To blanket that immense region with sufficient teams of qualified inspectors, free to make surprise visits and to interview all elements in the population, and to protect those interviewed from fear of police reprisals if they told the truth, is naturally incompatible with the present system of government in Soviet Russia.

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Real inspection, therefore, would mean one of two things: Either the beginning of democratic rule and civil liberties, as we know them, throughout the world, or the setting up of a real world government and international police force so powerful that it would be instantaneously prepared to crush any nation where inspection failed.

It is not inconceivable that the Soviet Government might even agree to such real international control of atomic energy as this under some successor to Stalin, in return for the economic benefits which it would get from the international development of atomic energy and from the loans which we might safely grant *if* there were a real change in the Russian régime. This development within the near future is improbable, yet it is not utterly impossible. For every man and every régime may be said to have their price. While acceptance of a rigidly enforced Baruch Plan would mean the eventual suicide of the Russian régime as we know it, it would not necessarily mean the ruin of individual Soviet leaders; while a Russian attempt to maintain an atomic race with us would probably mean economic suicide, revolution and ruin for régime and the men alike.

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As for the third alternative, atomic war, that would mean disaster for all, and almost certain defeat for Russia. The acceptance of complete inspection, the lifting of the iron curtain and the relaxation of the police state might enable the Soviet leaders to remain in power for a time as the benefactors of their people, *if* accompanied by generous loans from us plus the end of the costly atom race. This would be the best way out of the impasse for them, for what hope would they (or anyone) have from an atomic war in which all would be losers?

At any rate, the Baruch Plan offers the only alternative to an atomic race and probable war. Since the world obviously cannot expect to remain permanently at peace half slave and half free, it offers a method which, through inspection, may maintain the peace *while* it makes men free. And if it does come to war, the Baruch formula is the only approach which offers the hope that most of the world will be on our side.

However, all these benefits of the plan depend on its ruthlessly honest and thorough enforcement. That is why the resignation of Mr. Baruch, with his experienced team, from our UN delegation aroused serious disquiet. This legitimate concern is also expressed in some of the opposition to Mr. Lilienthal, even though in this case it may be misdirected.

On the international front, the constructive task for all opponents of Russian aggression is to see that this healthy demand for every precaution is not directed against the Baruch Plan itself but against any attempt to weaken it; just as on the domestic front, the opposition should not be directed at Lilienthal *but at the law he will administer,* which excludes the military from even minority representation on the atomic commission. As Baruch testified, that is fantastic, since everyone admits that security is the paramount issue in dealing with atomic energy. And since the whole training and instinct of scientists is to resist and resent military and security considerations, and since civilian officials are likely to side with the scientists, it is vital for the military point of view to have at least minority representation at *all* levels.

That is where Congress can take constructive action either before or after confirming Mr. Lilienthal; that is the way the fears aroused in conservative circles by the campaign against him can be set at rest, and that is the only way the necessary degree of unity which a democracy requires in foreign affairs can be achieved.

For the present division between conservative and liberal anti-communists over the Lilienthal appointment and between isolationists and internationalists over aid to Greece, etc., or the military budget, must be resolved in such a way that a decisive majority will back the constructive compromise.

We cannot wait for a knock-down and drag-out fight to achieve such a compromise but must forge a kind of temporary bi-partisan coalition now. No democracy can function fast enough or efficiently enough in time of crisis unless it either restricts civil liberties, as even Britain did to some degree during the war, or forges a broad-based voluntary unity, backed by a decisive majority of Congress and of the leaders of public opinion.

The Indolent Day

Today went meaningless as music,
Variations in the key of rain.
Even the street of hard curbs and porches
Sang in the whirling and pour of the pane.

Was scherzo in the dime-store red as a fire-truck.
In the park was adagio and dripping green.
Sloshed in the rubble alley, aqua funebre.
Gaped sostenuto at any machine.

Having all day no wisdom weighed or spoken,
A sheepish no-good I lie alone,
My veins excited as red Cremona,
A fife or froggy bassoon in every bone

Exulting: it might have had other relations and intervals,
Been in some exotic scale and not this one
Of affectionate Re, green Mi, history of Sol-fa
Twined in the minor rain, the dominant sun.

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS.

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Communications

AFL ON ARGENTINE LABOR

Buenos Aires, Argentina.

TO the Editors: Perhaps an atomic bomb might have had a greater impact in Government House in Argentina than the publication of the statement made by members of the American Federation of Labor in the United States on their return from Argentina—but only an atomic bomb. The arrival of the North American workers was considered in Perón circles as a personal triumph for the Argentine Ambassador in Washington, Oscar Ivanissevich, who had overcome the doubts of these union leaders (and all the CIO could do to persuade them not to go) and succeeded in convincing a full-fledged delegation of real workers to come and see for themselves the earthly paradise established by the president of Argentina. No efforts were spared to make the visit of these guests a pleasant one. They traveled around through a good part of the Republic, put up at the best hotels and had assigned to them a group of government sympathizers to "orient" their travels.

But the political opposition in Argentina, who were neither unintelligent or lazy, took advantage of the declarations of the government permitting these North Americans to go wherever they wished, and succeeded in establishing personal contacts with the visiting AFL delegation, to whom they gave a completely accurate picture of the Argentine situation. The document which the American Federation has just published is a faithful transcript of the truth. It is seldom that a statement is as accurate as this one. Its tone is moderate and reasonable. It is limited to giving facts and reveals a remarkable ability on the part of the AFL delegates to grasp the lamentable Argentine situation. Its political influence should be great since Perón has been unmasked by the very men whom he believed he could win over but who did not allow themselves to be misled by appearances.

The Christian Democrats in Argentina needed an authoritative voice to confirm what they have been saying. We understand that those who do not live in this country must find it confusing to receive constantly conflicting reports. A government which presents itself as the standard bearer of the social doctrine of the Church or almost that, and is supported by the great majority of the Argentine clergy and which *in word* is habitually orthodox must have a very real Achilles heel, some fatal flaw, when you consider that the Argentine Christian Democrats oppose it with heart and soul.

The AFL statement comes at a good moment to explain one of the reasons for this opposition. Perón is a totalitarian and seeks, by means of a single labor organization to take into his own hands the freedom of these Argentine workers, whom he has utilized as a political instrument for the achieving of his extreme ambitions. Opposition today requires genuine heroism. The national labor organizations are either in the hands of inspectors chosen by the government or of leaders in government pay. Making skilful use of large sums of money they have succeeded in corrupting consciences and, by violent recourse to the police, have been successful in quashing many protests. Argentina is in the hands of a group of rich industrialists who have taken over the national economy and although labor has won certain wage increases they have been rapidly surpassed by the rise in the cost of living. The paternalism of the government is manifest to the extent that his followers say that if Perón should die the country would fall into chaos. That is something which never happens in countries where a consistent political doctrine is in force.

As usual the official press has placed the blame for the AFL statement on Mr. Braden [of the State Department in Washington] a convenient lightning rod for all Perónian storms. If Braden did not exist they would have had to invent him. He is to Perón what the communists are to every reactionary government. But there is no getting around the AFL statement and the readers of your review should know that it is one hundred percent accurate.

ERNESTO LUCIANI.

The Stage & Screen

The Eagle Has Two Heads

ACCORDING to his preface in the French edition, it was a consideration of certain historical events, plus a reflection upon the present state of the theater, which caused Cocteau to arrive at his present play—produced here by John C. Wilson in the London adaptation by Ronald Duncan. Musing upon the "astonishing death" of Louis II of Bavaria; and upon the character, personality, and equally astonishing fate of his cousin, Elizabeth of Austria; and most certainly (although unmentioned) upon the mystery of Mayerling; Cocteau had, so he says, the idea "to invent a contemporary news story and then to write a play unveiling its inner truth." So much for history. For his theatrical point, he finds (quite astutely, I think) that due to movie influence, where the actors are enabled "to speak low and to move as little as possible," there has come about "a decline in the active theater in favor of a theater of words and of settings." All the traditional acting conventions have been discarded, are therefore unlearned. The *grand rôle* has disappeared. "To weld these two forces—the *pièce humaine* and the *grand rôle*—is this not the manner in which to save the theater and to give it back its strength?" It seems to me the only way to answer the author's question will be to examine first the production as it is presented to us, then the piece as printed, and finally the purpose.

Mr. Duncan has subtitled his adaptation, "A Romantic Melodrama," in spite of the fact that the author specifically opposes his present theatrical conception ("this awakening to trumpets") to melodrama. However, in this one instance, I think Mr. Duncan is right. As the fable walks, we are presented with a Queen in her Capitol at Krantz. Her consort having been assassinated on the day of their honeymoon, the young sovereign has retired into solitude

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at the center of a spiral of court intrigue, never unveiling her face, and articulately bemused only by death. The time is night; the scene, a castle; the weather, wild storm. The action springs from the precipitate arrival of a poet-assassin, whose visage is the exact replica of the murdered king. From this primary tableau to the final one, where these two lie dead, strung along an historic stairway, rears the play—built of a series of separate, emotionally climactic scenes which can only be *acted,* not otherwise described. I underline the terms since it seems to me the considerable critical and public baffle attending the offering can be traced not wholly to the certainly silly illogic of the dramatist, nor indeed to the incomprehensible liberties taken by his adaptor, but rather to the American idea of this art. We have of course only imported acting traditions, and therefore I feel it is impossible, again wholly, to blame Mr. Wilson for casting Tallulah Bankhead in the lead. As an actress, Miss Bankhead has no tradition at all; or rather, there is no tradition for her. She has intelligence, intellectual generosity, emotional power, sure personality. But although she has style, she has no grasp of styles, so that the infinite variations, all the great fakery, of such a synthetic rôle leave her stumbling—monotonous, breathy, sometimes moving, but always depending upon her own fact rather than invention. Or, let us say, in respect of the author, the re-invention of conventions. Showmanship—American showmanship—would have cast Lynn Fontanne in this showman's play, or would have *discovered* its star, as has been London's case. Real showmanship (and I address this directly to Mr. Wilson) would have taken advantage of the present international Cocteau flare, searched out all of his opera, seized upon the loud repute of last spring's "Oedipus" as presented by the Old Vic, and hurled Miss Bankhead into the "Jocasta" of the author's "La Machine Infernale"—a part in which, without question, she would have taken the town. And a piece which is a far firmer, less contrived work than the present vehicle.

Aside from this digression, it will be apparent then that the dramatist's creation (I think he did indeed create it in the part of the Queen) of the *grand rôle* does not any way come off these evenings at the Plymouth. And for his "human play," it must be admitted that the result is the same, although this will be clearly his own fault. Having chosen to combine a kind of high pie out of the old, now sad, Wittlesbach-Hapsburg horror, he appears utterly unwilling to let his audience know what he is doing. It is true, in the printed version, a clue is provided in two short paragraphs placed at the opening of the piece, but no instruction is given as to its inclusion in either production or program. Again, if in this play his end was really his beginning—if an "unveiling" of his final tableau of death was really his purpose—then surely he must have invented some new method of wrighting in order to present his scenes in the sequence of his thoughts. And finally, and most tiresomely, his rejection of the esthetic of melodrama is sheerly false. Necessarily, certainly historically, he has been compelled to use all of the furniture of this abused, ill-defined form: weird weathers, crepuscular shadows, diadems and playing cards, the gun, the dagger (inconceivably cut by his adaptor), the poisoned vial, the little mute midnight dwarf. Why are these denied in his foreword? Indeed a grand justification of melodrama—esthetically, philosophically, sociologically—should have been his only preface.

A provocative artist of effect, Cocteau has hitherto seemed willing to allow meanings to swirl about his work without any compulsive nor pretentious comment from him. (See notes to his "Mariés de la Tour Eiffel," 1921). Here, however, he himself seems to be attaching meanings where they do not fit. It is obvious that his leading question as to the "Theater's efficacy" cannot be answered. The question is important surely, but must be asked about something else. (*At the Plymouth.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Laughing With and At

SATIRE is a field in which movies seldom tread, and when they do they are likely to run toward burlesque. Three new tries are definitely worth your attention for what they do offer; although none of them will go down as history-making movies.

There is nothing very subtle about *"My Favorite Brunette,"* but it has a lot of hearty laughs as it kids the pants off recent murder mysteries and spy-and-chase films starring Bogart, Ladd, Powell, Montgomery and other luminaries of the hard-boiled school. As a baby-photographer with a yen to be a private dick, Bob Hope is the chief kidder. He believes that it takes only brains, courage and a gun to be a detective; and since he's got the gun, he goes right to work when Dorothy Lamour comes for help. Director Elliott Nugent and the scriptwriters gave Bob plenty of opportunity to crack wise as he chases and is chased by meanies like Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney and Charlie Dingle; and Bob makes the most of every opportunity with gags in his well-timed delivery. The surprising thing is that this take-off (which doesn't neglect mention of schizophrenia, paranoia, uranium and other catchwords of modern thrillers) manages to have suspense and excitement as well as jokes. I don't think, however, that Hope will play Phillip Marlowe next.

"The Farmer's Daughter" goes in for satire with a little more finesse, and at times proves quite delightful—thanks mainly to the good direction of H. C. Potter and the efforts of an extraordinary cast who were willing to work together for an amusing whole rather than shine individually as stars. The plot is about a girl who leaves her Swedish parents on the farm (could be Minnesota) and comes to Capital City to work as a maid in the house of the political Morleys where she endears herself—until the Opposition runs her for Congress. This familiar story might have become very tiresome had it not been done with refreshing touches and sprightly performances. Right down the line the acting is good: pretty Loretta Young as the maid who retains her accent but startles the Morleys with her capacity for work and knowledge of governmental affairs; Joseph Cotten as young Congressman Morley who learns to appreciate all of this girl's assets; Ethel Barrymore as his mother, a wise Party Boss; Charles Bickford as the Morley butler—also wise beyond his job; Rhys Williams, Rose Hobart and many others add to the fun and good sense of this civic-minded fable

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of our times. Toward the end the humor gets out of hand and indulges in rough-and-tumble burlesque; but on the whole "The Farmer's Daughter" is a pleasant piece with surprises and political comments that will win chuckles from audiences. And it certainly is nice in these sour days to see a movie in which truth is portrayed as a winner.

"The Late George Apley" had the makings of a first-rate satire in film—if it had been based on John P. Marquand's complete novel instead of the play which Marquand wrote with George S. Kaufman. Perhaps my mistake was in having read this book, with its delicately ironical picture of an ingrown society, before having seen the movie which concentrates on the events of 1912 in Boston and offers only a little of Marquand's well-rounded theme. Or perhaps another of my mistakes was having seen the play in which Leo G. Carroll gave such an expert performance as Apley, the product of a pattern whose pride in family, place and tradition knew little compromise. The movie version, which may still please audiences unfamiliar with the book or play, seems soft in comparison. Ronald Colman looks and plays the title rôle well enough, but Philip Dunne's script requires him to relent in his attitude toward the younger generation. Furthermore Mr. Colman's lovely brown eyes and pleasing manners make us overlook much of Apley's stuffiness and narrow concept of noblesse oblige. Producer Fred Kohlmar gave this period piece an unusually fine production with correct sets and costumes; and Percy Waram, Richard Haydn, Edna Best and Mildred Natwick are particularly effective in portraying Apley's contemporaries. With the younger set I have more argument. Vanessa Bell and Charles Russell come through well, but Peggy Cummins and Richard Ney as Apley's daughter and son were not the wisest choices in casting. That this gentle satire on a martinet swerves at times almost to the point of slapstick is the fault of Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz who had great difficulty getting motion into his static motion picture and even allowed his actors to ham it up a bit. As a study of a personality and a period, comparison with Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" is obvious; and I'm afraid "Apley" comes off an obvious second or third best. No doubt its greatest flaws are due to an effort to talk down to the so-called "typical movie audience." More's the pity! And it was even afraid to allow death to make the central character "The Late" George Apley.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

James Burnham Publicist or Poet?

WALDEMAR GURIAN

MR. BURNHAM'S present line of thought* is in many respects different from that of his "Managerial Revolution." It seems to me that, perhaps under

*The Struggle for the World. James Burnham. John Day. $3.00.

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the influence of Toynbee's "History," he now displays greater understanding of the rôle which ideals play in influencing reality. In any case, his new book does not center, as the "Managerial Revolution" did, around the necessary rise of a new élite which will replace the élite of the bourgeois liberal world, and whose techniques of domination will not correspond to the wishful thinking of democratic socialism. "The Struggle for the World" deals with the unavoidable life-death fight between the United States and the Soviet Union for world domination.

But Burnham himself emphasizes the continuity of his book with its predecessor, although he could not for obvious reasons have considered the atom bomb in 1941. Yet he is proud of his gift for prognostication displayed in the "Managerial Revolution." Frankly, he has abused his right to make wrong prophecies. He predicted, for instance, that the presidential elections of 1940 would probably be the last ones. He ascribed to Germany and Japan rôles in the post-war world which have failed to materialize, to put it mildly.

I mention these erroneous prognostications because the new book also indulges in announcements of coming events. James Burnham continues to relish the rôle of a prophet of doom. The Soviet Union, which was, in the "Managerial Revolution," bound to crack up, is now the world power which will dominate the world, if the United States refuses to undertake world domination and adopts, as Burnham deems likely, a policy of vacillation.

There is a bitter, but justified, denunciation of communistic politics, based as they are upon terror and systematic deception in favor of the *one* monolithic party aiming at monopoly of power. It must also be said that his description of the atomic age is, despite its apocalyptic tone, not over-drawn. The destructive possibilities of atomic power may mean the end of Western Civilization, although Burnham points out that other civilizations, precisely because of their technical backwardness, could survive.

His emphasis upon the specific responsibility of the United States as a world power is particularly good, a responsibility which, alone, makes retreat to a limited rôle impossible. Smaller powers obviously cannot take over the rôle of great powers. Mr. Burnham also renders a service in dispelling illusions and entrenched inclinations to accept easy solutions and to avoid hard, cool thinking. How right he is, for instance, in satirizing the belief that the creation of a new desk for Yugoslavia in the State Department means the solution of all difficulties with Yugoslavia! He must also be congratulated for having performed a good job in arguing for a realistic approach to world politics. That must be said despite some uncomfortable feelings about the undertone appearing again in this new book if in a somewhat more subdued form than in "The Machiavellians" and "The Managerial Revolution." This undertone betrays pleasure in frightening the average reader (*"épater le bourgeios"*); it points out necessary evil developments, reduces everything to conflicts of brute force, and affords to reason and ethics only the functions of tools and suppliers of ideological justifications.

But recognition of the importance of Burnham's book does not excuse us from the obligation of examining critically its apparently clear and convincing political program. Burnham's analysis and the program to which it leads seem to be as simple as they are irrefutable. Today there are only two world powers—the USSR and the USA. The decisive form of power today is control of atomic power. The USSR is the basis for the operations of a group of men united by an iron discipline, willing to use any means and aiming at world domination. They work at the erection, step by step, by ruse and by force, of a Soviet world state. Only the USA can stop this development. We must assume world leadership by a system of concessions and pressures. England and the Dominions, for instance, must be given common citizenship with the United States. The American world empire must retain the monopoly of atomic power; this must be the basis of the policy for a democratic world order. Peace can only be secured after reducing to impotence the Communist fatherland, probably only after the disappearance of the USSR.

*

Burnham is inclined to believe that an open war is unavoidable—he assumes that the Third World War started during World War II, when the Soviets started to build up a Greek revolutionary force of their own. (Why does he not cite as the start of World War III other more important events, such as the break between Moscow and the Polish Government in London?) He seems to believe, too, that a long delay of open war is not in our favor—the USSR will soon have atomic weapons. The acceptance of the probability of war must be accompanied by a bold aggressive policy of isolating the Soviets, of driving them back as much as possible. The Communist Party in the USA and its helpers must be suppressed as tools of the Soviets; the superiority of the American democratic life, despite some imperfections, over the Soviet life of slavery and absolute deception must be contantly demonstrated. All problems must be subordinated to the opposition against the Soviets: France, for instance, must be brought to accept a strong unified Germany, for there is today no German danger, only a Soviet danger, and it is fatal to overlook a danger of the present because of a possible danger in the distant future.

This picture of the world today seems very fascinating. It has the advantage of clear colors, of sharp lines. But I am afraid that it is not as realistic as Burnham believes. Surely, he is more sound than the appeasers who either are not willing to face the situation, or are in the service of the Soviets. But there is no proof that the Stalin tactics—combining utilization of communist parties and pressure by the Red Armies—will be more successful than the methods of the Third International, which suffered one defeat after another. We must not assume that evil men must necessarily succeed, that their power must be equal to their purposes.

Burnham does not take communist weaknesses into sufficient consideration. The United States is not completely under the spell of communist propaganda. It is precisely the subservience of this propaganda to Moscow, the inflexibility of its methods, the peculiar kind of communist discipline that have resulted in making it ineffective. What Burnham says against communists is said today by many: the era of the successful fellow-traveler is past. In addition, the methods of Moscow have produced a most effective kind of anti-communists, to whom Burnham himself belongs—former Stalin or Trotsky communists who have turned into the most bitter denouncers of communist tyranny. I think that firmness

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can bring about a Soviet retreat which can be made lasting by intelligent exploitation.

Secondly: Despite the importance of the Russian situation, world problems did exist before the birth of the Soviet régime, and will continue after its death. The disappearance of the Soviet Union would not create a world paradise. Burnham is inclined to overlook that. His analysis of the world situation is therefore oversimplified. He wants to use the Russian danger as the basis for the rise of the American world empire. But are there not many forces and traditions at work which make this rise unlikely? Burnham himself becomes a victim of that mechanistic approach he so wisely castigates in his criticism of those who demand a world state now.

Would not, for instance, a common citizenship among England, the Dominions and the United States rather increase difficulties and disagreements? How would Burnham destroy by force the Soviet régime and at the same time help the Russian people? I grant that the Russian people suffer under the Soviet dictatorship—but would a rain of atomic bombs help them? What would Burnham do with Russia after destroying her cities? The Dardanelles issue was surely not created by the Soviet régime which tries to exploit it. The German question cannot be reduced to a Russian question. Does Burnham further believe that the USA would really accept a policy of unlimited intervention and liability? Would the USA world empire become very attractive if it used those methods which he recommends against Sweden and Switzerland, manifestly misunderstanding their policies towards Russia? And would this Empire, built upon the fear of world communism, last, after communism has disappeared or has been fatally weakened? Obviously, the United States is today in a hegemonial position in the world. But would such a position not be weakened if it were systematically formulated and organized? It is precisely a weakness of the USSR that her power must be kept together in viable organizations, either under her direct or indirect control.

Thirdly: The most impressive part of Burnham's program is the demand for an American monopoly of atomic control. It is obvious that the war danger will be tremendously increased as soon as the USSR has the atomic weapon; according to all experts that will not take long. Burnham's solution seems to be very simple, unlikely as it is that it can be enforced by other means than war. The USSR must be conquered before she has the weapons. The present American policy does not correspond with Burnham's program: international control is demanded and then the vesting of atomic production (if it continues) in an international body which is obviously a coalition of powers. Burnham's program seems much clearer and much more logical.

But is war—perhaps even a preventive war, if Russia does not attack—really unavoidable in order to forestall Russian world domination after the American monopoly has disappeared? I grant that there are strong possibilities of conflict, though I cannot regard such a conflict as unavoidable as Burnham does. He believes that either collapse of Russia or war is necessary. But I think that though these possibilities have always to be considered (the error of the appeasers consists in their acceptance of peace at any price), there exist also other possibilities. A balance of power unfavorable to the USSR and therefore restraining the Soviet government can continue even after the USSR has atomic weapons. America will continue to have a certain technical advantage: industrialization, naval strength, etc. I refuse to assume with Burnham that the USA is lost if the monopoly is not maintained, obviously very unlikely without open war. Burnham fails to take it into account that after the disappearance of the USSR other atomic competitors can arise. Or does he expect a kind of tyrannical American industrial and technological control of the whole world? That seems to me extremely unrealistic. Therefore the current policy of the United States in the atomic question seems to me much more realistic—although we do not yet know whether it will work. But to assume that it cannot work, is to indulge in apocalyptic oversimplification.

★

Burnham's book, strangely enough—and this is the core of my critical remarks—sins in the same way as many of those opinions he so ably criticizes. It replaces reality by a straight line construction. Burnham continues to accept a belief in predetermined developments. His new book is permeated by this belief. Unpredictable turns of events are not considered. The USSR is judged according to the program of its ruling class, demanding world domination. The possibility that this demand may conflict with the existing resources and with the primary aim of retaining power is underrated. We observe in Burnham's speculations on world affairs the tendency to dramatize, to ascribe to villains superhuman talents and strength. On the other hand, the counter-forces are put on the same level as the villains: Russian Communistic Imperialism must be balanced by a world-dominating American Imperialism (called Democratic World Order), whose aims are of course nobler and more human. The forces of American history and of the multi-state system of the world opposing such a solution are not considered. That permits his sharp antithesis and impressive descriptions of the two camps opposing each other. It also permits a nostalgic pessimism: if America does not follow Burnham's line she is doomed; Russia must then win; or after a most destructive war, some third power, some non-occidental civilization emerges as survivor.

Nothing is as dangerous to the student of international affairs as indulgence in impressive, but oversimplifying,

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speculation. He must never forget the interplay of a multiplicity of forces, influences and powers, and he cannot accept as necessary developments which submerge more or less completely the unforeseeable impact of contingent events, making obsolete the best calculations and the most elaborate programs.

Burnham's book is not a description, but an esthetic construction using some realistic descriptions as starting points. The author is a man who has become disillusioned by observing shallow pseudo-idealism and pseudo-humanitarian claims which resulted in the utmost cruelty and hypocrisy. He finds consolation in quietly picturing a terrible nightmare if his prescriptions are not accepted. Reading Burnham one can understand why Plato demanded the expulsion of poets from political life.

More Books of the Week

The Mountain Lion. Jean Stafford. Harcourt. $2.75.

THE MOUNTAIN LION which Ralph Fawcett goes forth to hunt is his own growing-up. The prospect is both terrible and fascinating; Ralph knew this in the first stirrings of the ambition: he felt it as the train, carrying him and his younger sister Molly to their grandfather's ranch in Colorado, was about to enter a tunnel; his mind and body were in a torment, and when he blurted his strange thoughts to Molly, he saw what this initiation would cost—"for now they should be going into a tunnel with no end, now that they had heard the devil speak." The cost would be his childhood, and Molly was his childhood. It is a shock but inevitable, then, that when he kills his mountain lion, he kills Molly too (he sits "muttering like a crazy man: Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly" until they come back, "Uncle Claude carrying his dead sister with her ruined head"); and if this seems a coincidence too closely arranged, one remembers that Molly had already been wounded by Ralph's outburst on the train, so that one is subtly disposed to accept as adequate the slight dispositions of fact out of which the climax rushes its coincidence.

This is an even finer novel than "Boston Adventure," though less brilliant. It does not have the dazzling wealth of anecdote which Jean Stafford offered in her first novel; but it has a deeper richness of child-myth and child-lore—charms against the adult-world, rhymes, ritualistic "dialogues" and shared "jokes," intimations of mortality—and the statement it makes of good and evil, innocence and experience, is tantalizing in its possibilities of extension. In this narrower plot, the author has found, paradoxically, greater freedom of perception and utterance: her style here is cleaner and more athletic. Finally, "The Mountain Lion" brings her irony into a new dimension; almost, I could say, into direct opposition to its easier use; for now it is irony activated every moment by pity, by the most anguished pity. (Allen Tate's maxim, in "Reactionary Essays," defines irony at its best, and as I am thinking of it here: "the visible, particular, and objective instance of humility.") It is this irony which is motive to all Jean Stafford's techniques of telling a child's story for the child, or seeing the adult-world through the child's eyes, or sharing the poor threadbare devices with which the child preserves his world; and it is with this irony that the book ends—a few sentences beyond that mention of the "ruined head":

> Magdalene was in the front yard picking mint an Uncle Claude called to her to come and help. She cam to the car and looked in at Molly. There was no emotio at all on her pleated black face, but as soon as she spok Ralph was able to collapse. She said, "Lord Jesus. Th pore little old piece of white trash."

Jean Stafford's capacity for feeling and for expressio is so distinguished that one feels fatuous in making vagu compliments to her future: I say only that I watch fo her work not with passive hope but with excitement.

HENRY RAGO.

On Music and Musicians. Robert Schumann. Pantheo $3.75.

THIS VOLUME offers the composer-critic's pros observations in a translation by Paul Rosenfelc Any inquiring musician, student or listener who wants t learn what a great composer and articulate observe thought of his contemporaries and the masters will fin out here. Works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schuber Chopin, Mendelssohn, Brahms are evaluated by Schu mann. Also, performances of Liszt, Berlioz, Wagne

Schumann's *"Neue Zeitschrift,"* his irony and hi aphorisms are not without a measure of obscurity in 1947 encounter. His *Davidsbundler,* however, had thei eminent justification in the 1830's, and even a randor thought of his can suggest, shall we say, a developmen backward in popular art values in the hundred year between: "Look upon alterations or omissions, or the in troduction of modern embellishments in the works o good composers as something detestable."

The book is sponsored by the New Friends of Music in whose just completed season the principal chambe music of Schumann was played. JOHN BRUBAKER.

The Big Bonanza. Dan DeQuille. Knopf. $5.00.

THIS IS A REISSUE of a book which appeared i 1876, largely at the instigation of Mark Twain who knew and admired the author. It is the first titl in a series of Western Americana to be published in con nection with the centenary celebrations commemoratin the acquisition of California in 1846-8, the discovery o gold in 1848, the Gold Rush of 1849, and California' admission to the Union in 1850. The book originall had a moderate though not great success, but it mus have then been considered, as it is to be considered now the definitive account of the Comstock Lode.

Mr. Wright was known to all his friends by his non de plume. Dan DeQuille he was and Dan DeQuill he should remain. Most of his active days were spen as a reporter and editor on the *Virginia City Enterprise* a newspaper close to the hearts of those turbulent search ers for wealth. He knew the country, the Indians, th prospectors, the miners, the magnates and every detai of the doings of that fantastic community. It is all pu down, the quest for gold which ended in the discovery o one of the greatest silver veins the world has ever known the swift rise of a city, bits of horseplay and of petty gossip which must have been highly amusing to th people of that period.

The bill of fare, however, is a simple one, much lik the few dishes which the miners ate, but it is serve in superabundance and one wonders why it was though necessary to reprint the book in its entirety. The studen of Nevada or of early mining will probably welcom

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the fulness of it all. The general reader of today will hardly have time to go through 436 long pages, of not too large type, when so much of the narration has lost its savor.

The rise and fall of Virginia City probably has more meaning for industrialized Americans than the rise and fall of Rome. Ghost towns, where wealth once poured from the earth, are favorite shrines for our traveling vacationists. Dan DeQuille was a competent and forceful writer, but he was not an Edward Gibbon. There is no distinction in his style. He tells what he saw, and this clearly and simply, but it is in the language and in the mood of an excellent reporter on a very local newspaper. The account of the mines and the men at work is particularly vivid and there are several descriptions of the country, such as an ascent of Mt. Davidson and an eclipse in the barren Sierra Nevada country, which are thoroughly rewarding.

Much of the humor of those early Nevada citizens is gone for us, and here is where skilful editing would have helped this reissue. The playfulness and the simplicity of those miners can best be transmitted through a few true lines; pages of it make them seem like oafs. Long stories in dialect, Irish, French and German, are all very well but they must have a point of wit. A little of it goes a long way to prove to us that our Western grandfathers were uncomplicated and that they liked good clean fun.

★

Dan DeQuille's appraisal of the leading operators is refreshing. A struggling newspaperman in the midst of millions, he has no rancor or jealousy. His pictures of John Mackay, James Fair, J. P. Jones and William Sharon are convincing, and today it is peculiarly good to learn that these men were admired and respected by their employees who did not regard them as horned devils or crooks unworthy of the fortunes they acquired. Indeed the friendship between the operators and their employees, as it is reported by Dan DeQuille and he was in a position to know, is pleasant music to our ears well used to the discordant notes sung by John L. Lewis and the present-day coal operators. One wonders whether, after all, it might not have been because Mackay and Fair and the others, long after they were fabulously rich, spent so much of every day in the mines with their men.

The book throughout is a pleasure to the eye, and the profusion of illustrations, reproduced from the original, effectively takes us back to two decades of early Nevada. Warned as to permissibility of skipping, let him who wants to read an excellent contemporary picture of Virginia City and of the silver mines of its prime take up this book with assurance that he will be told a story peculiarly American; of great fortunes being quickly wrested from the earth by industrious God-fearing people, who worked passionately and played riotously, many of them Irish immigrants; of the fickleness of lady luck; of the mining camp which grew so fast into a city of over 30,000 that Aladdin's lamp seems necessary to have accomplished it. Suddenly, but after Dan DeQuille has told his tale, the vein wears out, the men depart and the curtain falls; the city sinks back to a handful of people, with the ghostly buildings still there.

FRANKLIN B. PARKER, JR.

The American Novels and Stories of Henry James. Edited with an Introduction by F. O. Matthiessen. Knopf. $5.00.

IN THE SPRING of 1865 Henry James Senior noted: "Harry has a story in the March issue of the *Atlantic*. Considered good . . ." Thus "The Story of a Year," which begins this handsome volume expertly edited by Professor Matthiessen, would seem to be an initial item in the vast corpus of Jamesiana, earlier than the forgotten novel, "Watch and Ward," earlier than a tale much more delicate and powerful than either, "The Passionate Pilgrimage." In his introduction, Mr. Matthiessen calls attention to the stilted and amateur phrases which bestud "The Story of a Year." Certain of these grew into almost permanent mannerisms with James, not without an irritating effect upon his modern admirers; such phrases as "high-toned," "our poor friend," applied to his dubious New England "heroes," or that omnipresent *"eye,"* inevitably in the singular number, inherited from Scott, and obtrusively dear to the practitioners of early nineteenth century fiction. However, some of these mannerisms, now dim with the pathos of distance, seem as lovable to us as the dormer-windows and mansard-roofs of the architectural era in which they were current. The development of this great novelist from "The Story of a Year," beginning "In early May two years ago, a young couple I wot (sic) of strolled homeward from an evening walk" . . . to the exquisite water-coloring even of "The Europeans" (1878), which is the second item in this volume, is one of the literary phenomena of the last century. Yet the story itself is a trifle, a much-ado-about-nothing, even for incorrigible Jamesians who particularly venerate the Master when he is anticipating a little his ultimate "Mote in the Middle Distance" manner.

Among these may be counted Mr. Matthiessen who observes of "Washington Square," the second long novel in the volume, that it "has frequently been James's favorite book with readers who don't really like James." If the distinguished critic means to say that readers who prefer "The American" and "The Portrait of a Lady," yes and "The Princess Casamassima," to "The Golden Bowl" and "The Ivory Tower" (unfinished) with which this volume concludes, he can certainly count us in. With the exception of descriptions of Battery Park and a Seventh Avenue oyster-house, "Washington Square" lacks the lovely pastel talent present in "The Europeans," but it has undeniable charm and is, from the novelistic standpoint, a considerably more solid work than its predecessor.

Of the short stories in this volume, "The Point of View" (1882), already reprinted in Mr. Fadiman's collection, is a bore; "A New England Winter" (1884) about Boston is much better, while "The Bostonians," a long and serious novel about the same extraordinary milieu, has already been reviewed in these columns.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

An Essay on Morals. Philip Wylie. Rinehart. $2.50.

THE PUZZLING thing about Mr. Wylie is that he can write these 200-odd pages and yet never get round to explaining what is meant by morality. And the pathetic thing is that he sees the ills of our society but fails utterly to offer a code capable of pointing the "way to personal peace by logic" or of providing the "means to brotherhood in a better world," whereof his sub-title makes so much.

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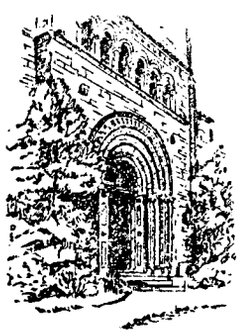

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Following Jung, he describes instinct as the collective unconscious. And this he regards as the path to rational living. But he forgets that instinct needs control and that control presupposes the recognition of a set of values with a binding force of their own. Since he has no patience with a personal God, he has scant ground for lasting values. He prates, of course, of "truth" and "honor," but who can tell what these things are where instinct is the measure? Or who can say, in such a scheme, whether my "dishonor" may not be someone else's "honor," or my "truth" "untruth" for my neighbor?

There is the stale air of the nineteenth century about what Mr. Wylie has to say on the origin of religion. Perhaps it is meant to shock and stun the Christian. If it is, Christian charity suggests to Mr. Wylie that he bring himself up to date by looking into the work of the Culture Historical School and the books of Wilhelm Schmidt. That his essay lacks both depth and balance is scarcely strange, for it "begins and ends with the assurance that you, good reader, are a beast, and so am I, and that we are nothing else."

HENRY G. J. BECK.

The Tower of Babel. Elias Canetti. Knopf. $3.50.

THIS IS THE sad saga of Dr. Peter Kien, in his time the greatest living sinologist. Cursed with the sin of pride, he will not attend any conferences of his colleagues: they wait, awed, for the papers he will send them to read. He lives at twenty-four Ehrlich Strasse; he has adapted the four rooms of his apartment to make an immense library for his 25,000 books. He dislikes the facts of life, has his wash-basin pushed into his room for a few minutes daily, does not notice what he eats, walks each morning from seven to eight through the town to look in the bookshop windows without being tempted to loiter and to buy. One morning he meets a small boy; the child would learn Chinese; Dr. Kien promises to let him look at some books. But his cook refuses the child admittance; to reward her devotion Kien, in whose service she has been for eight years, suddenly marries her. She invades all his privacy, tries, in grotesque garb, to seduce him; drives him from room to room, and finally out of the apartment and into the street; whilst he faces a world with which he is ill-equipped to cope, she takes a lover. Peter Kien has his revenge, on the world and on his cook. But his mind gives way, and in spite of his good brother George's efforts to save him (George is head of a great asylum in Paris) Peter goes mad, and burns himself and his books to death. "When the flames reached him at last, he laughed out loud; louder than he had ever laughed in all his life."

If the reader has survived so long, he too may laugh. For this is a documentary, not a novel. It is exceedingly thorough (perhaps that is what commended it to its brilliant translator, Miss C. V. Wedgewood, one of whose previous heroes was Strafford, whose motto, it will be remembered, was "Thorough"). Not a detail is missed; of characterization, or of color. The pathetic professor and the odious cook (no such nasty one has been described since Strindberg wrote "Easter") are built up, word by word, comma by comma, line upon line, sentence added to sentence. But at the end of barely five hundred pages, it is a case-history, two case-histories, several case-histories, that have been assembled, but no hero, no

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villain, no victim, has been begotten, or born, or has even died.

Elias Canetti, born a Bulgarian of Spanish-Jewish background, is a Doctor of Philosophy of Vienna University. For over twenty years he has, we are told "been taken up with the study of the psychology of mass and power." This study is now nearing completion, and he is at work on two further novels. Mass and power both, his monumental "Tower of Babel" has; but, alas, no life. Not even the synthetic simulacre of life that is electrical energy: his characters are not even moved by a magneto.

Miss Wedgewood's translation is, like everything she writes, a masterpiece of solid perfection. The author of "William the Silent" and of "The Thirty Years' War" knows more about Europe than almost anyone alive, and has written down what she knows in better English. Her language is a delight that almost compensates for the dullness of what is said in it by Dr. Canetti; and she is "fair adjectival" as the Scot said commending a beloved preacher.

From Creation to Judgment used to be the whole journey of man, during the era BC to AF (After Freud), whether of Adam or of Prince Andrei, of Eve or Earwicker. The present treadmill, from Oedipused infancy through murder or mere matricide to suicide or the padded cell, is hardly different in degree, but how infinitely more monotonous it is in detail.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Lost Land. George H. Freitag. Coward. $2.75.

"THERE IS NO failure and no success in life," says Grandmother Kreitzer in one of her rare moments of generalization. "There is just life." For August Kreitzer, timid yet generous dreams fend off failure, and there is little need to combat success. August dreams of getting away from the mill and becoming a farmer. He senses the need too of moving his wife and son away from his family, the ageing parents and surly brothers and sisters who live next door and divide his life. He goes to the land, but it is not worthy of his dreams; it has more wiles than his faith and simplicity can cope with. His entire family, impoverished and complaining, come out to live at the farm and despise it. After a while everybody moves back to the mill town.

The novel opens with Paul Kreitzer's getting ready to work the night shift at the mill. In the falling snow the town of Laurel looks as it did in his childhood. Then he remembers. . . . Through an unhappy consistency of device young Paul is called upon to sift everything through his boyish memory and to be on stage all of the time. "The Lost Land," a play *manqué,* is carefully, creakingly built up from a series of minor scenes tied together by the stage manager's comment. The result is a curious mixture of the stylized and the real. The Kreitzers become Saroyan characters for whom there is no pin-ball machine. In typical Saroyanese, August cannot understand why the Fundamental Consumers Milk Company will not stop by for his one can of milk. ". . . I have waited two days. . . . I swept the barn; I cleaned everything out; I sang to the cows." Mr. Freitag's patterned simplicity is not equal to the job he sets out to do, to the forces he sets in motion and must then ignore. Perhaps a play would have been the thing.

RILEY HUGHES.

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The author, himself an architect, while abhorring monstrosities, advocates the modern trend in building and decoration. He is not a *laudator temporis acti.* His work, referring to the masterpieces of past ages, contends that our age need not simply copy the great achievements of the past. In fact, for the most part he limits his discussion to churches built since 1900.

The attractiveness and usefulness of this work is greatly enhanced by a wealth of judiciously chosen illustrations, more than 700 of them. An adequate index facilitates the study of items mentioned or discussed in various connections throughout the book.

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The Inner Forum

The Prayers for the Jews

IN THE MARCH issue of *Theological Studies,* Rev. John M. Oesterreicher of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, presents an excellent analysis of the Good Friday prayers for the Jews (from the Mass of the Presanctified.) He deals first with the Latin term *perfidus,* which unhappily is erroneously translated in many American Missals as "perfidious Jews" or "faithless Jews." Father Oesterreicher cites a long series of authorities from ancient and modern times to establish the fact that, in the Liturgy, *perfidia* means lack of faith. Again and again in the Liturgy and in the early Church Fathers *perfidia,* or unbelief, is contrasted with *fides,* or faith. And he also cites the Good Friday prayers themselves: "We pray for the Jews that they may be freed from their blindness, delivered from their darkness, that they may recognize Our Lord Jesus Christ and acknowledge the light of God's truth. What we implore for them is enlightenment, the gift of faith; lacking it their state is unbelief."

A more difficult question is the fact that the Good Friday prayer for the Jews is the only one in the series which omits the three injunctions to kneel, arise, and "Let us pray." Father Oesterreicher goes into the evidence and finds that all three were in force in the Church until the ninth century; that from the ninth century to the end of the sixteenth century the kneeling and arising were omitted and that from the sixteenth century on even the "Let us pray" was not said. There are conflicting explanations for this change in the Liturgy and there is inconclusive evidence that it goes back to anti-Jewish feeling in the early Middle Ages. It "appears difficult to determine with final certitude what caused the changes in the ancient discipline."

Since the term *perfidia Judaica* refers simply to Jewish refusal to believe the Christian message and the Church calls things by their rightful names, the author believes that there is no likelihood that the term will be changed. In vernacular editions of the Missal, however, he suggests that the Good Friday prayers translate the term as "disbelief." And in these Mass books for the faithful he would have the failure to kneel, etc., explained in this vein: "We refrain from bending the knee out of discretion, with the courtesy of love; we do not genuflect because the Lord in His passion was mocked by kneeling ruffians, pagan soldiers, instruments of the Jews and of us all."

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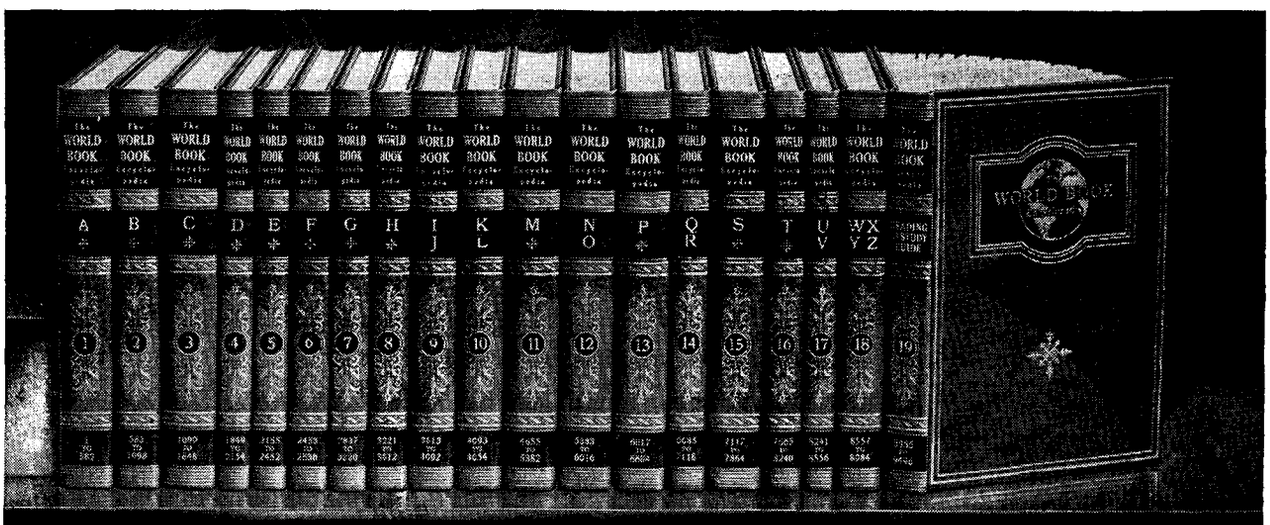

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